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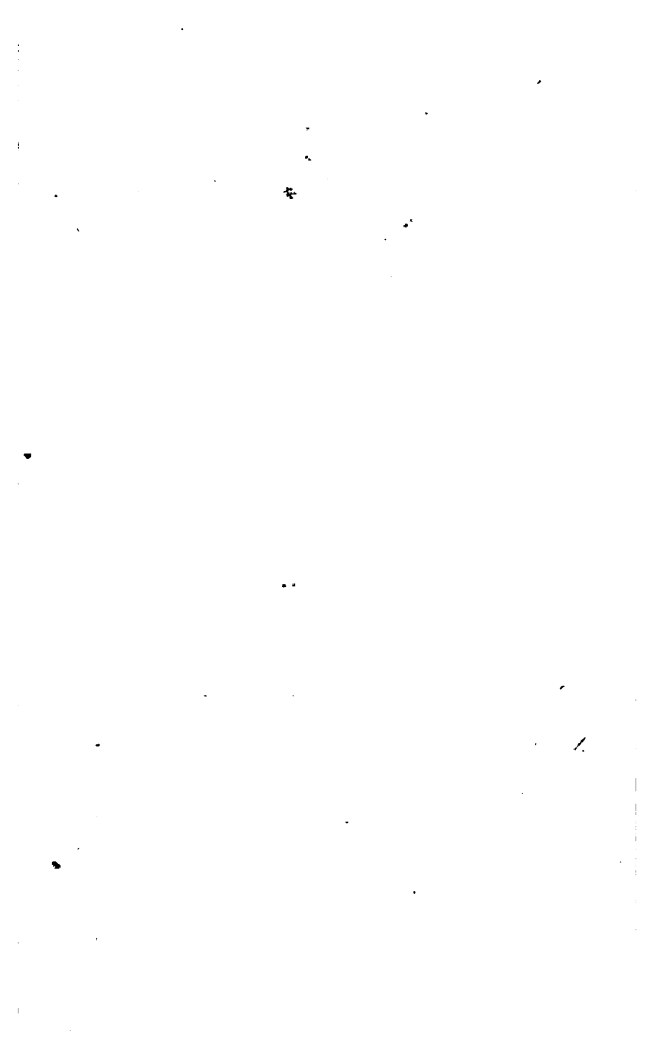
FROM

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June 1906





Charles Del.

Edw. J. May

Education the Blind Boy.

See page 64.

THE
INFANT MINSTREL:

OR,

Poetry

FOR YOUNG MINDS.

BY
VARIOUS FEMALE WRITERS.

FOURTH EDITION.

London:

PRINTED FOR HARVEY AND DARTON,
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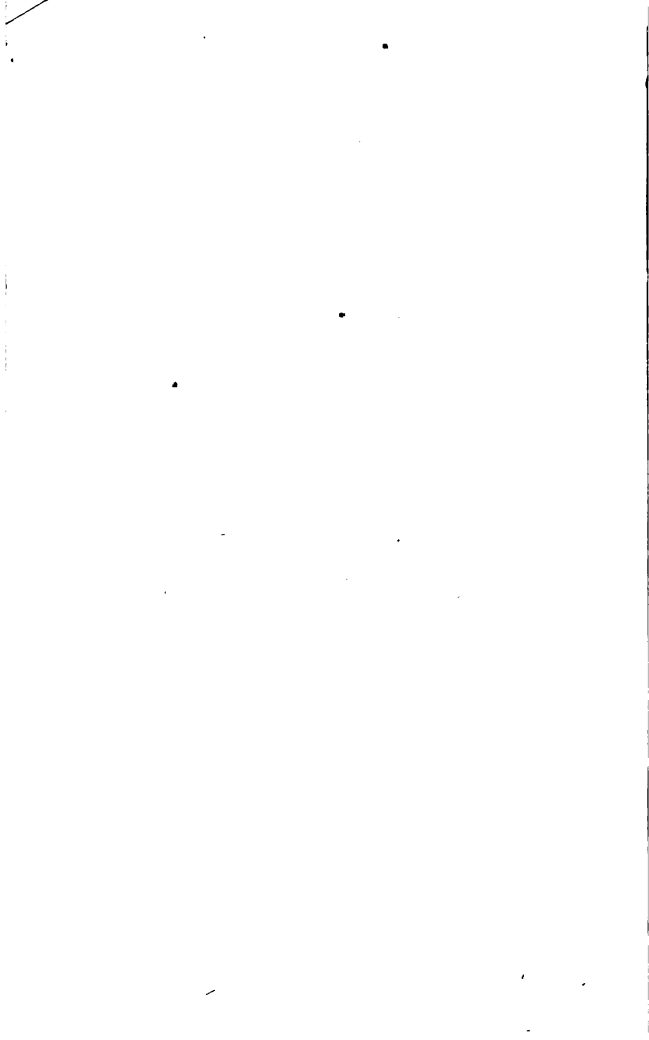
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INTRODUCTION.

COME, lay aside your dolls and toys,
And listen, little girls and boys,
While tales of birds and beasts we tell,
And children who have acted well ;
Whose virtues were excell'd by few,
Who gain'd the love of all they knew.
Some others we must bring to light,
Of whom it gives us pain to write ;
But each was punish'd for his crime,
As you will hear in proper time.

These tales, for your instruction meant,
We hope will answer their intent ;
And this is what our verse intends—
To make you wiser, little friends.



THE
INFANT MINSTREL.

EDWARD AND HIS DOG TRIM.

Poor Edward lost his parents dear,
When quite a little lad ;
And no kind friend nor guardian near,
To bring him up he had.

The boys with whom he used to play,
Taught him to box and fight,
And led his little mind astray
From all things that are right.



So, many cruel tricks he'd try,
On creatures that are dumb :
Nor cat, nor dog, nor bird, nor fly,
Could safely near him come.

Whene'er a harmless Puss he saw,
He ne'er was known to fail,
Either to pinch her velvet paw,
Or pull her spotted tail.

He had a little dog beside,
Whose name, I think, was Trim,
And took him to the river's side,
To teach him how to swim.

It happen'd, on a summer's day,
When other sports were done,
He call'd his little dog away,
To have a bit of fun.



When at the river side they came,
Ned threw a stone for Trim ;
Then bade him go and fetch the same,
And bring it back to him.

Trim swam—his courage did not fail—
The stone he could not find ;
He shook his head, and wagg'd his tail,
And often look'd behind :

As if to ask his master's cane
To point out where 'twas cast ;
Till, finding all his efforts vain,
He gave it up at last.

Now, Edward, like a tyrant base,
This faithful servant beat,
While looking meekly in his face,
And crouching at his feet.



Just then a lady pass'd that way,
And saw the cruel sight ;
She look'd at Edward with dismay,
As well, indeed, she might.

“ For shame! you naughty boy,” she said,
“ How dare you thus behave?”
And as she spoke, she shook her head,
And look'd extremely grave.

“ Oh! if you let such passions fly,
Nor conquer them in time,
They'll gain the mastery by and bye,
And lead to dreadful crime.

“ Now learn a lesson, child, from him
Whom you unjustly flog ;
Nor scorn a wise reproof from Trim,
Altho' he is your dog.



“ Tho’ with your orders to comply,
He tried his utmost skill,
He bears this usage patiently,
Nor renders ill for ill.

“ Good-nature makes him thus submit,
And not the want of might ;
For he has strength to punish it,
And make you feel his bite.”

“ Oh dear ! I own ’tis very true,”
The little boy replied ;
“ But no one tells me what to do,
Since my dear parents died.

“ Will you, dear madam, condescend
My youthful steps to guide ;
And be a little orphan’s friend,
Who has no friend beside ?”



The lady, for her heart was kind,
Complied without delay ;
And daily led his little mind,
In wisdom's pleasant way.

His former follies to amend,
With constant care he sought :
May all who find as good a friend,
Be willing to be taught.



THE HARE.

ONE day a little timid hare
Took covert in a seat
Which graced my pretty garden, where
He finds a safe retreat.



When ev'ning shades are spread on high,
And dews are on the ground,
With ears erect, and anxious eye,
He gazes all around.

Then, if he thinks himself unseen,
He comes to seek his food ;
Or on the smooth and level green,
He frisks in playful mood.

Sometimes he seeks the gay parterre,
Where fairest flowers grow ;
And often unmolested there,
He wanders to and fro.

From all the flowers he there can see,
The pink-root he selects ;
And those which would pernicious be,
Instinctively rejects.



If in my walk I come too near,
He does not choose to stay ;
But oft looks back, tho' free from fear,
And nimbly trots away.

At sight of man he does not fly,
To seek securer grounds ;
A stranger to the huntsman's cry,
And to the greedy hounds.

For ne'er in this domain of mine,
Was deed ungentle done ;
Secure from angler's patient line,
And sportsman's wily gun.

For still this precept I receive,
Which ever seems to say,
"If happiness thou canst not give,
Then take it not away."



THE GOOD LITTLE BOY.

TOM was a modest little boy,
His father's and his mother's joy,
For he was very good :
He seldom gave them cause to chide,
His little faults he did not hide,
But own'd them, as he should.

" If I do wrong," he used to say,
" At home, at school, or at my play,
'Tis right to tell my mother ;
For this I've noticed, many a time,
That, trying to conceal one crime.
Does always make another.



**" My parents both are wise and kind,
They teach me to improve my mind,
And all my faults amend ;
And still their counsels to obey,
No doubt, must be the wisest way,
And safest in the end.**

**" A day, in such obedience spent,
Is sure to yield the most content,
For frequently I find,
That one wrong word, or angry fray,
Or lazy fit, will spoil a day,
And make a heavy mind."**





THE SPIDER'S WEB.

ONE morning in May little Caroline went,
When all things were blooming and gay,
And prettily ask'd her kind mother's consent,
To go in the garden and play.

Next nimbly she ran for her tippet and hat,
Then into the garden she bounds :
Awhile in a sweet little arbour she sat,
And then ran all over the grounds.

At length, in a rose-bush, half hid in the shade,
A movement attracted her eye ;
And she saw, in a web most ingeniously made,
A spider entangling a fly.

She sought to release it, but found it was vain
At last, any longer to try ;



So ran to her mother, in haste, to complain,
Who was tying up flowers close by.

“ Oh come, dear mamma,” she exclaim’d, “ and
look there,

For such a sad sight you will see ;

A fly which a spider has caught in his snare,
So fast that it cannot get free.

“ Let’s kill the great spider for doing such things,
And set the poor fly at its ease :

O dear, how the cobweb has bound up its wings !
Pray help it, mamma, if you please.”

“ My dear,” she replied, “ let us think for a
while ;

For if I should brush it away,
The work of this insect unjustly I spoil,
And rob of his natural prey.



“ As sheep, swine, and oxen, are given to man,
With creatures of various size;
Just so, by the same wise and regular plan,
May spiders regale upon flies.

“ The creatures, if not by each other destroy'd,
Would multiply faster and faster ;
The dwellings of man would be sadly annoy'd,
And all be distress and disaster.

“ Besides, by depriving each other of breath,
In order their wants to assuage,
They escape all the pangs of a natural death,
From hunger, and pain, and old age.

“ Then, Caroline, can it be lawful for us,
This happy appointment to thwart ;
And destroy a poor innocent animal thus,
For doing no more than it ought ?



Now Caroline frankly her error confess'd,
Concerning these useful affairs:
To mind our own bus'ness, it seems, is the best,
And leave flies and spiders to theirs.



THE GOOD LITTLE GIRL.

MARIA had a modest air,
And was beloved by all:
'Twas not for being fine or fair,
Nor yet for growing tall.

She was a very active child,
To learning much inclined;
And yet her manners, soft and mild,
Display'd an humble mind.



She had a very tender heart,
And often, I believe,
Her little stores she would impart,
Poor people to relieve.

For ragged children out of doors,
It was her great delight,
To make up frocks and pinafores,
And dress them clean and tight.

A hungry beggar in the street,
Whene'er she chanced to see,
She freely gave her share of meat,
And gave it cheerfully.

But yet these duties to fulfil
Was not her only part;
She strove to learn God's holy will,
And serve him with her heart.



But while Maria did all this,
Obliging every one,
She felt that much was done amiss,
And much was left undone.

Let none who read her life, suppose,
It is too high to aim,
For such a mind is given those
Who humbly seek the same.



THE FRIENDS.

MAMMA had instructed Amelia with care,
And taught her to read and to spell ;
She work'd at her needle exceedingly fair,
And could cipher and write very well.



Tho' she wish'd that her visits abroad should be
few,

She had, now and then, giv'n her leave
To visit a lady whose daughter she knew,
And in turn her young friend to receive.

But Anna was idle, and giddy, and vain,
And could not be made to attend ;
She was not desirous fair knowledge to gain,
Nor anxious her faults to amend.

One evening, as usual, the friends had agreed
To go out and play on the lawn ;
When Amelia desired her companion to read
The tale of the " Doe and the Fawn."

Reluctantly taking the book, she essay'd
To read—but she could not read well :
And many sad blunders and pauses she made,
At words which she found she must spell.



Amelia, as soon as she came to the end,

Express'd her surprise with good breeding:—

“ Do let me advise you,” said she, “ as a friend,
To take greater pains with your reading.

“ Mamma often says, that to be but admired

For dancing, and singing, and play,

When all useful knowledge is left unacquired,
Is throwing our talents away.

“ Believe me, dear Anna,” she added, “ you'd
find,

If once you had courage to try,
More pleasure by far in improving your mind,
Than trifling employments supply.”

Then Anna with tears and confusion confess'd,

How much this good counsel she prized,
And soon a firm wish and intention express'd,
To do as her friend had advised.



So Anna began to improve in a trice,
And became well instructed at last ;
But gratefully mention'd Amelia's advice,
Whenever they talk'd of the past.



THE REWARD OF DISOBEDIENCE.

ELIZA came running one day to her mother,
And said, " Pray, mamma, come and speak to
my brother ;

He's naughty, and will not do what I desire,
But stands at the fender, to play with the fire."

She spoke just in time, for the moment they came,
They found Master Robert enveloped in flame ;
And taking the carpet, they roll'd him up tight,
Which kept out the air, and extinguish'd the light.



The poor little fellow was terribly burnt,
But from his misfortune a lesson has learnt ;
For, had he remember'd his mother's desire,
Who told him he never must meddle with fire,
He would not so long have had cause to complain
That his hands and his face were still smarting
with pain :

Thus, punishment constantly follows on crime,
Tho' not always, like his—at the moment of time.



THE SUMMER EVENING,

SEE where the glowing sunset now
Tinges yon mountain's misty brow ;
O'er hill, and dale, and meadow bright,
It spreads a flood of golden light ;



Illumes the lowly cottage pane,
And fires the steeple's giddy vane.

The martin skims her rapid way,
In eager quest of insect prey ;
The chirping brood, with loud appeal,
Had ask'd her for their evening meal,
And from their clay-built nest on high,
Wait her return impatiently.

Amid the wood's dark foliage, now
The squirrel leaps from bough to bough :
He starts and frisks with agile pow'r,
Enliven'd by the evening hour ;
No tyrant cage nor chain has he,
To bar his joyous liberty.

Now insects skim the placid stream,
Or frolic in the sunny beam :



So still the air, the forest trees
Scarce murmur to the tender breeze ;
Birds, one by one, have sung farewell,
And left the grove to Philomel.

How pleasant is the garden shade,
By lilac and laburnum made!
But soft be now our footstep's tread,
For little flowers are gone to bed ;
The tulip folds her crimson cup,
And rosy daisies curl them up.

Sweet is the summer evening hour !
And when I feel its soothing power,
A gentle whisper seems to say,
That life is but a summer's day :
And that its close, if spent aright,
Is tranquil as a summer's night.



THE SCHOOL-BOYS.

To school as good Richard was going one day,
 (It being remarkably fine,)
He thought he would take a short walk by the
 way,
As it wanted a quarter to nine.

'Twas cheerful October—his spirits were light,
 The sun shone unclouded and clear ;
The woods with the colours of autumn were
 bright,
Bespeaking the fall of the year.

The ploughboy's shrill whistle was heard from the
 field,
As gaily he turn'd up the soil :
These healthy employments much happiness yield,
To sweeten the labourer's toil.



Richard thought of the studies he had to pursue,
Where higher enjoyments are found ;
And the fair fields of knowledge appear'd to his
view,
As bright as the landscape around.

A laugh loud and rude interrupted him here ;
He turning abruptly to see,
Perceived a large party of school-boys were near,
Who ran up to meet him with glee.

“ Oh, Richard, 'tis lucky you're here,” they ex-
claim'd,
“ To join in our hazardous feat ;
Come along, lad, and if you don't fear being
blamed,
We'll give you a capital treat.



“ Just by is an orchard, where apples and pears
Are hanging in clusters so thick,
They cannot be miss'd, when we've taken our
shares,
And down they shall come with a stick.”

“ For shame,” exclaim'd Richard, “ how can
you believe
I would join in so bad an affair ?
To wrong a poor neighbour, and basely to thief,
For the sake of a trumpery pear.

“ Do let me dissuade you—but should it be
vain,
“ I shall leave you, and hurry to school :”
With this he ran off, while again and again,
They call'd him a cowardly fool.



Richard went on his way, and sat down in his
place,

Determined his master to please;

His cheerful appearance, and innocent face,

Bespoke that his mind was at ease.

That very same day was discover'd the plot,

And the thieves were all flogg'd, without fail :

My dear little readers will find, I doubt not,

The moral of this little tale.



THE LITTLE GIPSY.

(Founded on Fact.)

AROUND a blazing Christmas fire

An infant group were playing;



Two lovely girls, a cherub boy,
Their parent's eyes behold with joy,
Each opening grace displaying.

But why on either parent's face
Is joy so dimly shining?
Oh, why the fond intrusive tear,
Which checks the smile with damp severe,
As grief were undermining.

Perhaps their hearts, with anxious dread,
View life's tempestuous ocean;
And sad—(beholding present joy,
Which future error may destroy,
Or passion's strong emotion)—

See they the future rising scene,
With hope and doubt combining;



Where thorns midst roses intervene,
Where distant gathering clouds are seen,
And April's sun is shining.

But see, at yonder window stand,
Lured by the fire so cheering,
A boy stray'd from a gipsy crew ;
Oh, hear his voice for pity sue,
In accents most despairing.

A pair of infant hands are raised,
Some little boon imploring ;
For piercing is the wintry blast,
Dark is the night—the rain falls fast,
No friendly hope restoring.

The little throng, their gentle hearts
With pity warmly glowing,



Fly quick, the wish'd-for aid to give:
His shoes one begs him to receive,
And one her frock bestowing.

The hapless wand'rer's usher'd in ;
Clothes, food, with accents cheering,
They gladly bring—undress their guest,
When lo ! upon his snowy breast,
A well-known mark appearing !

" Tis he ! 'tis he !" the mother cries,
And faints in speechless pleasure :
A father clasps him to his breast,
In rapture *words* have ne'er exprest,
Then cries—" *My long-lost treasure !*

" My child ! my Edmund, thee I hold
To this delighted bosom :



Oh wake, my love, to life and joy,
With me, oh welcome home our boy,
Our long unshelter'd blossom :

“ Who, when upon a luckless day,
His infant sports enjoying,
A gipsy chancing near to stray,
• Beguiled his heedless steps away,
Our dearest hopes destroying.”

And now the infantine caress,
Each cherub lip bestowing,
They give him welcome to the place;
And little Edmund's sun-burnt face,
With new-born hope is glowing.



TO THE WOOD-LARK.

STAY, little warbler, stay,
Leave not yon verdant spray,
But warble forth thy lay
Of praise and gladness.

For fair is ev'ry flower
That decks this rustic bower ;
All nature round has power
To banish sadness.

To that great God on high,
Who form'd yon azure sky,
Who gave the rose its dye,
Thy song arises !



Then, shall I thankless be,
When he bestows on *me*
Whate'er *felicity*

My bosom prizes ?



THE FALLEN ROSE.

A LOVELY rose Maria found ;
She thought its sweets to gain ;
But ere her eager hopes were crown'd,
Its leaves are scatter'd o'er the ground,
The thorns alone remain !

She weeps !—Ah ! check the swelling sigh,
And let this rose impart,



(While yet the tear is in her eye,)

A lesson of morality

Unto her youthful heart.

Such, such is life's deceitful joy,

And such is beauty's power :

Then, dearest girl, thy time employ,

To gain what chance can ne'er destroy—

Virtue's immortal flower!



THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

OH, let a hapless orphan child

Your tender pity share,

Who wanders, midst the desert wild,

The victim of despair!



No peaceful home unfolds to me
Its hospitable door ;
No friend's endearing smile I see,
To bid me weep no more.

No mother's tenderness I share ;
No father's fond embrace ;
But still those ties, so fondly dear,
My memory can trace.

Our peaceful cot, our happy home,
Their fond parental care !
But *they are dead*—and forth I roam,
The victim of despair !

Then spare a hapless orphan boy
Some trifle from your store ;
So may content, and peace, and joy,
Attend your happy door.



Oh, hear me! for that God above,
 Who makes the *good* his care,
 Shields *those* with his *peculiar* love,
 Who hear the orphan's prayer.



THE DEW-DROP.

UPON a lily, bright and fair,
 A dew-drop sparkled nigh :
 To what shall we this gem compare?—
 The tear in Pity's eye!

Thro' that the lily looks more rare ;
 More bright the rose's dye :
 Oh, nought can be more sweet or fair,
 Than dove-eyed Sympathy!



And still another lesson we
May from this dew-drop learn :
The transient nature we may see,
Of life's most smiling morn !

Oh then, my Emily, with care,
To gain that treasure try,
Which circling years cannot impair,
Nor accident destroy !



THE MILKMAID.

GENTLE maiden, lightly tripping
O'er the meads at dawn of day,
While each herb with dew is dripping,
Say, what makes thy heart so gay.



'Tis that health and peace adorning,
Deck with bliss my happy lot ;
With content I see each morning
Smile upon my humble cot.

Gentle maiden, sweetly smiling,
Tell me why the rose so bright
Decks thy cheek ? 'Tis hope beguiling,
Fills my bosom with delight !

Hope, that says a parent's bosom
Pleased regards my duteous care !
Thus more bright the rose will blossom,
Which Content has planted there !

Happy milkmaid ! peace and pleasure
Smile *indeed* to cheer thy cot ;
Love and duty are *treasure*
Which adorns the humblest lot.



THE BEE.

LITTLE busy humming bee,
Emblem meet of industry,
Pleased I see thee search the spring,
For its varied sweets, and bring
All those fragrant treasures home,
Which to gather forth you roam.

Hapless little busy bee,
Sad the fate that waits on thee!
After all thy anxious toil,
After all thy gather'd spoil,
Thankless man denies thy joy,
And, to rob thee, will destroy!



CONTENTMENT.

COME, Content, and dwell with me,
I'll thy constant vot'ry be :
Calm, and constant, and serene,
Thou canst bless the humblest scene.

Vainly should ambition smile,
Vainly pleasure should beguile,
Power tempt, or riches lure,
Thine are pleasures far more pure !
I will then thy vot'ry be,
Come, Content, and dwell with me.



THE WOODMAN'S HUT.

UPON the weary traveller,
The door was never shut,
But welcomed to the homely cheer
Within the woodman's hut.

Tho' coarse and scanty is his store,
He envies not the great ;
Nor sighs, nor vainly wishes more,
Nor murmurs at his fate.

Resign'd to what his God denies,
Content with what he gives,
With lightsome heart to work he hies,
And in contentment lives !



And when his death shall close the door,
Ne'er on the wand'rer shut,
He'll stop and shed a grateful tear,
Beside the Woodman's hut!



THE KITE.

EDWARD and William, come and see
What good mamma has bought for me :
It is a kite, and we will try
If you and I can make it fly.
We'll write our copies very well,
We'll read our French, and then we'll spell ;
And so, when all our tasks are done,
Mamma will take us out of town.





I'll take my kite, and you must bring
What uncle gave—the ball of string.

The lessons read, the copies done,
With smiling looks away they run.

“ Make haste, mamma, I beg and pray.”

“ My dears, it blows a storm to-day.”

“ Oh, then the kite will better fly ;
Do only come and let us try.”

To Rosewood Park at length they hied,
Advice and weather all defied.

The wind was high, a gale it blew,

The kite was raised—aloft it flew.

“ See, see, mamma! look! who was right ?

The kite is almost out of sight.”

But scarce had little John thus spoke,

When from the kite the string was broke.

Oh, dire mishap ! oh, cruel fate !

Mamma was right, he found too late.



Many a sigh and tear it cost,
The kite was torn, the tail was lost.
Another time mamma believe :
Her little boy she'll not deceive.



LITTLE JANE.

Come, Jane, you have been good so long,
That you shall go with me,
And we will join the happy throng
At grandmamma's at tea.

Your uncles, aunts, and cousins too,
Will all, my love, be there ;
And dear papa, and I, and you,
Together will repair.



Now, had my Jane been rude or cross,
At home she would have staid ;
And think how great had been her loss,
To stay with Ann, the maid !

While all her cousins were so gay,
So happy and so cheery.
But Jane is good, so come away,
And we will all be merry.



THE FROSTY MORNING.

Augustus.

SEE, see, dear papa, at those trees once so green,
They're cover'd with whiteness all o'er ;
Who ever would think that they ever had been
So gay and so blooming before?



Papa.

'Tis frost, my Augustus, which covers the mead,
The windows, the gardens, the trees :
Which homeward, all shivering, urges our speed,
And nips us so hard in the breeze.

But could my dear boy thro' a microscrope see
This frost, how his wonder would rise !
Where the smallest of atoms appears as a tree,
With its branches spread forth to the skies.

Augustus.

How wondrous !

Papa.

Yes, dear one, and think of the pow'r
Of the God who created the world,
From the mountainous alps to the soft blushing
flow'r,
Which in summer its foliage unfurl'd.



We nothing can do but our gratitude show,
For mercies so matchless and kind ;
Let our praises, dear boy, ev'ry morning renew,
To his will and direction resign'd.



THE STARVED LARK.

Mamma.

COME, Theodore, and see the work
Your thoughtlessness has wrought ;
Oh, come and see the pretty lark,
Which you so lately caught.

I warmly pleaded, but in vain :
“ Mamma,” said Theodore,
“ It ne'er shall want for seed or grain,
Or turf from off the moor.



“ With care my pretty charge I’ll tend,
Nor ever let it want ;
I’ll be his guardian and his friend,
Then my petition grant.”

I did—you *felt it*—for a *week*,
But some new object drew
Your wandering fancy:—*could it speak*,
It would have said to you :

“ Ungrateful Theodore ! my song
In vain for thee I raised :
I’m heeded not—past is the day
When I was loved and praised.

“ Yet give me food : tis hard to be
Confined and starved beside !
Hard is the loss of liberty !——”
And ah ! the flutt’rer died !



Ah, see the sad imploring eye,
The cold and ruffled breast ;
Ah, see it still and lifeless lie
In death's eternal rest.

You weep ! that little heart beats high,
With keen repentance torn :
'Tis wavering inconstancy
Thus bids you sadly mourn.



PARTS OF THE DAY.

Morning.

THE early sun begins to peep ;
The lark is singing blythe ;
The cock's shrill notes have conquer'd sleep ;
The mower whets his scythe.



The sturdy hind renews his toil,
And strides across the lea;
And while he ploughs the gen'rous soil,
He sings with careless glee.

The milkmaid tucks her russet coat,
And trips across the field;
The brinded cow and shaggy goat,
Their useful treasures yield.

The trav'ller, now refresh'd by sleep,
Pursues his short'ning way;
Forsakes the plain, and climbs the steep,
With his poor faithful *Tray*.

The rosy child his bed forsakes,
He loves the morning ray,
The sparkling dew, the fringed brakes,
The heath, the meadows gay.

*Noon.*

The sun now drives his noontide wain,
And darts his pow'rful beam,
Which gilds the grove, and paints the plain,
And glitters on the stream.

The peacock struts in stately pride ;
The heifer seeks the shade ;
The finny tribe in safety glide ;
The gard'ner rests his spade.

The thirsty trav'ller stoops to drink ;
Can nought his thirst allay ?
Yet still he tempts the slippery brink :
The stream still glides away.

The shepherds seek the spreading tree,
And take their frugal meals ;
The little busy, dext'rous bee,
Her precious theft conceals.

~~~~~

The school-boy leaves his finish'd task,  
And eager runs to play ;  
Nor heeds the vipers as they bask  
In the warm sunny ray.

*Evening.*

Now sinking in the western skies,  
The sun has hid his head ;  
And twilight, o'er her modest eyes,  
Her dainty veil has spread.

The ox, released from galling yoke,  
Now drinks the murmuring rill ;  
The sheep-bell's tinkling, measured stroke,  
Sounds from the neighb'ring hill.

The nightingale has tuned her songs  
In yonder lonely grove,  
And still her swelling note prolongs,  
In mourning for her love.





The farmers at the *Magpie* stop,  
To taste the smiling ale ;  
The gossip at the blacksmith's shop  
Relates her wondrous tale.

The peasant at his cottage door,  
Is welcomed with a smile ;  
While Robin tells his love-tale o'er,  
To Susan at the stile.

The untired child unwilling goes  
Slow to his early bed,  
Nor dreams that future heavier woes  
Hang o'er his sullen head.

*Night.*

Now nature sits in sweet repose,  
And calls her sons to rest :  
Her gaudy dress away she throws ;  
She wraps her sable vest.



Each grove is mute, each plain is still,  
Save where the watchful owl  
Sits on the barn, or near the mill,  
Where the sly fox may prowls.

The restless child forgets his toys,  
His beauty buried lies ;  
And buried are his griefs and joys,  
And closed his eager eyes.

The weary lab'rer rests his head ;  
The housewife's toil is o'er :  
Sleep does his downy pinion spread,  
Where peace still guards the door.

### *Conclusion.*

God makes the morn with balmy breath,  
He spreads the noontide ray ;  
And throws across th' extended earth,  
The veil of twilight grey.



And while he dwells enthroned in light,  
“ His eyes his children keep ;”  
He draws the curtains of the night,  
And guards them while they sleep.



### THE POOR LITTLE GIRL.

Oh, where art thou going, poor little girl ?  
Oh, where art thou going so early ?  
The rain and the snow-flakes around thee do fall,  
Yet thou’rt smiling and carolling cheerly.

Thy garments are coarse, and thy feet without  
shoes,  
No hat shields thy head from the storm ;  
Yet fair on thy cheek blooms contentment’s  
bright rose,  
And with vigour health braces thy form.



“ Oh say, little girl, hast thou parents or home,  
Where now thou dost hastily hie?

Or, lonely and friendless, alone dost thou roam,  
Thy curtain and shelter the sky?”

“ Oh no, I’m not friendless—a mother have I,  
And a hut which affords us a home ;  
’Tis my care which keeps her from this pitiless sky,  
While seeking her comforts I roam.

“ I yesterday earn’d us our food for the week,  
Tho’ humble, health sweetens our cheer ;  
And now broken faggots and branches I seek,  
With which I shall homeward repair ;

“ And rouse up our fire, and spread our repast,  
By-affection and tenderness graced :  
’Tis thither, good stranger, I’m hieing so fast,  
And wonder you now at my haste?”



“ Good, good little girl ! the Almighty will see,  
And thy filial duty approve ;  
Take this trifle, and ever the care mayst thou  
prove,  
Of the parent of virtue and love.”



### GOOD AND EVIL IMPULSE.

WHEN thoughts of doing ill assail my mind,  
In thy protection, Lord, defence I find :  
Thine be the kingdom, glory, and the pow'r,  
To aid me in the dangerous, trying hour.  
Reliance on thy grace then let me know,  
Hold, Lord, that shield between me and the foe !  
Thus, merciful, from sin thy servant save—  
From sin—that wound which kills beyond the  
grave.



Whatever acts of good I may intend,  
Intention comes from thee, my God, my friend.  
Strengthen my purpose, ere it turn aside,  
To full performance quick my efforts guide.  
Through human weakness, when those efforts fail,  
Thy kingdom, glory, and thy pow'r prevail.



### OBSTINATE JOHN.

Good boy, drop on the ground that stone,  
And throw no more into the tree ;  
Do let the thrush's nest alone,  
The thrush has done no harm to thee.



Much pains and time she took to build,  
What, in a moment, you destroy ;  
That nest does well her young ones shield :  
Pity the little birds, good boy.

Not all the men that now do live,  
So neat a piece of work can make :  
What joy can its destruction give ?  
In mischief, why such pleasure take ?  
You'll break the eggs, and where's the use ?  
Such wanton sport is surely wrong ;  
That little egg may yet produce  
A bird to cheer us with his song,

*Boy.*

What business of yours, if a stone I should  
throw ?  
What need you to talk ? I'm not throwing at  
you :



I'll knock down the nest, that I very well  
know,  
I'll hit, and I'll batter and tatter it too.

He flung the stone with wicked aim ;  
Untouch'd the nest—the tree was high :  
The stone with back rebounding came,  
With force it struck him in the eye.  
That eye of life, which from its light  
Might with a diamond match,  
Is now for ever closed in night,  
And wears a sable patch.







## EDWIN THE BLIND BOY.

Oh, gentle ladies, lend an ear,  
In pity, to my wo !  
My sorrows may you never share,  
My anguish never know !

It is not, that, bereft of light,  
I see no sun's bright ray :  
It is not that I'm lost in night,  
While you enjoy the day :

But 'tis, that she, whose tender care  
My erring footsteps led,  
Has left her Edwin in despair,  
And sleeps among the dead.



No more I hear her soothing voice!

My parent and my friend !

No longer shall this heart rejoice

While I her call attend.

She clasp'd me in her last embrace !

I caught her parting sigh !

I kiss'd her cold, her lifeless face,

Ah, *then* I wish'd to die !

And warmly did her orphan pray,

That (ere upon her breast

The green, the grassy turf should lay)

We might together rest !

But ah ! that Pow'r who pleased to take

My friend and parent dear,

Did not her poor blind boy forsake,

But bade him comfort share.



I pluck'd each fair, each fragrant flow'r,  
    (Tho' ne'er I saw their hue,)  
Which grew around our rustic bow'r,  
    And e'en by touch I knew :

I bore them to the church-yard drear,  
    Where her remains are laid,  
And scatter'd round with many a tear,  
    And sadly sighing said :

“ Alas, my mother, who will e'er  
    Thy tender care employ ?  
Thy soft affection bid me share—  
    Who shield thy poor blind boy ?”

When lo ! upon my aching breast  
    A sudden sunshine broke !  
A voice which lull'd my griefs to rest,  
    Thus to my bosom spoke :



“ I—I will take thee to my care !  
Who form’d, who still defend ;  
Address to me thy fervent pray’r—  
The hapless orphan’s friend.

“ Be virtuous !—and when past and o’er  
Life’s sad and thorny way,  
Again you’ll meet upon that shore  
Where shines eternal day !”



### A WALK WITH PAPA.

My playmates talk of their papas,  
But none I think so good as mine :  
He said : “ Come, William, get your hat,  
We’ll take a walk, the day is fine.”



And very fine indeed it was :

Papa is seldom in the wrong ;  
And, as his way, he takes my hand,  
And pleasantly we walk along.

And ev'ry tree, and ev'ry plant,  
And ev'ry object that we see,  
And what they are, and what their use,  
My kind papa explains to me.  
We met a man : " Good Sir," says he,  
" The road you come I've never been :  
Direct me, you must know the best  
And shortest way to Norwood Green."

The road of life papa hath gone,  
But every step to me is new :  
When his experience shall direct,  
The path he points out I'll pursue.



A beggar ask'd our charity,  
I neither liked his look nor tone:  
"Give me a penny, Sir," said he:  
Said I, "Indeed I have not one."  
Papa relieved him, on he walk'd,  
My charity had soon a choice:  
Another beggar now came up;  
I liked his looks, I liked his voice.

Papa the good example set,  
That charity should never freeze,  
And from my pocket out I took  
A comfortable penny-piece.  
Papa then saw I told a lie,  
With sorrow I was like to burst:  
Ah! dear papa, my fault forgive,  
'Twas but a *white lie*, at the worst.



Said he: "Last winter, boy, reflect,  
Some snow fell on the raven's back,  
Which hops so tame about our yard,  
His coat made white that late was black:  
It wanted not the melting snow  
To prove no raven e'er was white:  
Thus, evil never can be good,  
And what is wrong cannot be right.

"Truth is the sun that melts the snow,  
And shows the raven's sooty wing:  
For every kind of lie is black:—  
A white lie! boy, *there's no such thing.*"

A rude and heedless man rode by,  
Upon our narrow path he came;  
He nearly put us in the ditch:  
"Papa," said I, "he's much to blame;



The carriage-road was wide enough,  
He might have broken all our bones ;  
He thinks himself some busy bee,  
And us a pair of idle drones.”  
As we look'd on, the man had stopp'd :  
There stood a gate across the road ;  
To open it he seem'd distress'd,  
Though of his galloping he crow'd.  
When I ran forward, ope'd the gate,  
And held it open in my hand :  
The man and horse pass'd safely through,  
And then they made a sudden stand.  
He quick alights, took off his hat,  
And thank'd us with a blushing face ;  
He own'd, his conduct as he pass'd  
Reflected on him much disgrace.

Papa this gracious lesson taught :—  
Revenge is not in lead or steel ;





Be kind to those who've done you wrong,  
And thus remorse you make them feel.

The day is changed, the sky grows dark ;  
It rains : for shelter we look round :  
" Papa," said I, " see yon fine house ;  
We may be soak'd, but shan't be drown'd."  
A livery servant stood without ;  
Thought I : " Ay, there's a shelter sure."  
He first look'd up, then look'd at us,  
Went in, and, whistling, bang'd the door.  
Before the parlour-window stood  
Some gentlemen and ladies fine ;  
They talk'd, not minding our distress,  
Tho' dripping clothes held out the sign.  
Said I, " Papa, I wish you'd knock :"  
He smiled, and stept with hasty pace.  
I saw his wish, a cottage snug  
Stood very near this noble place.



I ask'd papa where lay our right  
To force an entrance to this cot ?  
It was its owner's house and home,  
Though he had but an humble lot.  
And why so fearful to approach  
That fine large house ? why pass that by ?  
It is no more its master's house  
Than that we go to :—tell me why ?

The latch he lifts, and in we go ;  
Tongs, poker, bellows, come in use :  
The cheerful fire, the smiling face,  
Dry coats, umbrellas, stockings, shoes.  
The welcome from the husband comes,  
The wife repeats the welcome sound ;  
In play the babes their welcome give,  
The dog his welcome gambols round.



Some cakes I purchased on the road,  
I gave the little girl and boy ;  
Papa look'd pleased, and they received  
My gifts with modesty and joy.

Papa was easy, yet polite,  
No silly questions did he ask ;  
Yet I perceived, to do them good,  
Would be to him a joyful task.  
As we return'd : " My son," said he,  
" A lucky thing was this same show'r ;  
To serve these poor and civil folks,  
I have, thank God, both will and pow'r :  
My presentation to the school  
That boy shall have—ay, that he shall !  
The day may come he'll fill the chair,  
And feast the nobles in Guildhall."



To give our walk variety,  
For home we went a diff'rent way ;  
At tea, we entertain'd mamma  
With our adventures of the day.



### THE POOR MAN'S EPITAPH ON HIS DOG TRAY.

Here sleeps a friend,  
Whose constancy and faith sincere,  
(Thro' fortune smiling or severe,)  
Demands his master's grateful tear,  
At this his end !



When pains assail'd,  
He sought my sad and lonely shed,  
And running round my lowly bed,  
There laid his faithful, honest head,  
And sadly wail'd.

For many a year,  
While toss'd on the tempestuous sea,  
Return'd at last, the first was *he*  
To frisk about and welcome me,  
With faith sincere!

In danger's hour  
He ne'er his master's cause forsook,  
Or felt his truth or courage shook,  
But straight his master's side he took,  
With all his pow'r.



Say, reader, say,  
While you this epitaph attend,  
(Where truth and sorrow sadly blend,)  
Art thou as faithful to thy friend  
As honest Tray?



## THE HUNTSMAN'S HORN.

How lovely is the morn !  
How fair is ev'ry prospect round !  
But say, what is that sudden sound,  
That makes the woods and vales resound ?  
It is the huntsman's horn.

THE INFANT MINSTREL.



And, quickly following, there  
The huntsman see ! in vain thy flight ;  
(The strong against the weak unite ;)   
Thy little day has set in night,  
Poor, hapless, trembling hare !

'Tis *mercy* marks the *brave*,  
(And tho' the tyrant may employ  
His strength, the helpless to annoy,  
'Tis cowards only who destroy :—  
His pleasure is to save !





## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

COME, Lucy, this is New Year's Day!

And now, to God above,  
My little darling, let us pray,  
With piety and love.

'Tis he who thro' the year that's past  
Did guide and guard thee too;  
That year is gone! thus time flies fast:  
We now begin the new.

And if another year is gone,  
And we are one year older,  
Still let it in our lives be shown,  
We're grown in virtue bolder.





More kind to others, unto all  
    Benevolent and just ;  
Alive to pity's tender call,  
    And place in God' our trust.

To parents duteous, sisters kind,  
    Brothers and friends likewise ;  
To learn the lessons still inclined,  
    Taught by the good and wise.

And thus, my little darling child,  
    Beloved by all you see :  
Affectionate, and mild, and kind,  
    Beloved by all you'll be.



## THE COBBLER AND HIS LANDLORD'S SON FRANK.

ONE summer's eve, the clock struck eight,

'Twas in a country town :

Why should the cobbler work so late ?

The sun is going down.

Of trouble this poor cobbler had his share,

Yet he was gay, as cobblers mostly are.

His song and hammer made a din,

His tools lay by his side ;

And when he put two bristles in,

He drew his elbows wide.

He gave a sigh, and now a tear let fall,

When Brown the slater stood before his stall.



Said he: " Friend Tom, now tell me why

So merry and so sad ;

For now you sing, and now you cry,

Just like a man that's mad."

" You know," said Tom, " I'm jovial, frank,  
and free,

Yet you'd be grievous, if you were like me.

" I've work enough—look there—look here ;

My customers I please :

Nor am I forced, though things are dear,

To live on bread and cheese.

I work to keep my wife and children tight,

Thro' summer's day, and winter's candle-light.

" A stock of leather I must have,

Or on I cannot get ;

Two pounds for that I strove to save,

And still keep out of debt :



'Tis gone for rent, and now what shall I do ?  
I cannot clap a heel-tap on a shoe.

“ As 'tis, we find it hard to live ;

No need to raise my rent :

My landlord should a notice give

Of his unkind intent.

Not pay—no place this night to lay my head !

My babes to me in vain may cry for bread.

“ My landlord's cruel as a Turk,

With house, and cash, and lands :

My customers will give their work

Into some other hands.

We've but one room ; for that I cannot pay :

We must turn out before next quarter-day.”

The slater heard, and, whistling, walk'd away.



Tom's landlord had an only son,  
A gen'rous-minded lad ;  
At home, when holidays begun,  
What merry days he had.  
To school this boy with other boys went back,  
For youthful sports they were a sprightly pack.

They had to pass the cobbler's stall,  
The sun had just arose ;  
They, laughing, cried out, one and all :  
“ Let us the cobbler pose :  
His awl, and ends, and lasts, let us confuse,  
And knock about the street his rotten shoes.

“ He'll wonder how all came about ;  
And how he'll be surprised !  
He'll stamp, and roar, and fret, and pout,  
To find his goods capsized.”



Down comes the shutter—one of them steps in,  
And, as they said, they soon the sport begin.

When Frank, the landlord's son and heir,  
Cried out : " My boys, no, no :  
How we can all this trouble spare,  
The way to you I'll show :  
And how we can surprise the cobbler more,  
Than if his tools we broke, his shoes we tore.

" Of pocket-money from our friends,  
We all have plenty got ;  
Let's scorn to touch the awls and ends  
Of such an harmless sot :  
Each leave ten shillings in this same old shoe :  
Do as you please, but that's what I will do."



“ A glorious thought !” they all roar’d out ;

“ That’s such a noble dash !”

And as he put the shoe about,

They each put in the cash.

Upon a shelf the monied shoe they lay,

Then bang’d the door, and, laughing, ran away.

As yet, not far advanced the morn,

To stall the cobbler hied :

Said he, “ Although I’m so forlorn,

I’ll work, whate’er betide.”

The old shoe touch’d, he started at the weight,

The silver tokens rattled round his pate.

“ Of gifting fairies I’ve been told ;

Can I believe my sight !

But all that glitters is not gold,

Nor silver all that’s white.”



He rings the pleasing chink : " Lord ! thou dost  
give ;  
My wife and children now shall eat and live."

He bought his stock of leather now,  
And now his rent could pay ;  
But whence it came, he knew not how,  
Yet bless'd the happy day.  
By chance the landlord heard what Frank had  
done,  
The cobbler's rent he lower'd, to please his  
gen'rous son.







## OBEDIENT CHARLOTTE.

WHEN in a coach how pleased was I,  
To see the people passing by ;  
To see the fruit upon the stalls ;  
To see the pictures on the walls :  
And other coaches pleased I see ;  
And some in coaches viewing me.  
In coach I thus roll'd through the town,  
At door I stood, the glass was down ;  
My doll was in the pocket placed,  
That she might see, if such her taste.  
With pleasure how my heart did beat,  
Mamma said : " Charlotte, take your seat."  
At first, for noise, I could not hear :  
Again she said, " Sit down, my dear."

To be of pleasure thus debarr'd,  
I thought, was surely very hard ;  
But as mamma was ne'er unkind,  
Obedience was still in my mind.  
I left the spot where I had stood,  
Mamma said : " Charlotte's very good."  
She fondly placed me next herself,  
But I am such a little elf,  
I just could see the window tops  
Of all the very pretty shops.  
I now lost more than half the sight  
Of all that gave me such delight ;  
And though I wonder'd what she meant,  
As she desired, I sat content :  
When sudden, bursting with a crack,  
The coach-door flew wide open smack ;  
And, as it on the hinges hung,  
Now to and fro this coach-door swung ;



And, as it open'd, out fell doll ;  
In vain we to the coachman call :  
The coach so nimbly rattled on,  
My doll she was for ever gone ;  
The wheels roll'd over her—alas !  
To pieces crush'd she surely was.  
The door had not been fasten'd well ;  
Had I stood at it, who could tell  
But I, like doll, had tumbled out,  
And kill'd I must have been, no doubt :  
The wheel must have gone over me ;  
Mamma's precaution now I see :  
And while obedient to her will,  
May Providence protect me still.



## THE VALLEY OF PEACE.

OH scenes! where I first saw the sun's golden  
light,  
Where oft I have wander'd with joy and delight;  
Ah, never, with reason or life, can I cease  
With pleasure to turn to the Valley of Peace.

Here first the sweet lesson of duty was taught,  
Instill'd by a parent who spoke to the heart!  
And never, oh never, thro' life's thorny way,  
From those precepts beloved and revered may I  
stray.

When sorrows intrude, and when griefs intervene,  
He taught me that virtue could brighten the scene:  
I listen'd with joy, and I never shall cease,  
To bless what was taught in the Valley of Peace.



## TO THE PEACOCK.

*(The Bird of Noon.)*

PROUD bird, who swell'st thy em'rald breast,  
And court'st the sunny ray;  
Whose gorgeous fan, and glitt'ring crest,  
Present the blaze of day;  
Were but my pen so gaily dipt,  
So richly spread my page;  
My humble rhymes so brightly tipt  
For nature's daintiest age;  
While saunt'ring in his noontide walk,  
The youth might scan my verse;  
Or, pausing in his various talk,  
Perchance my lines rehearse.



## TO THE DAY-FLY.

FAIR little creature of to-day,  
Spread thy bright wings and flit away ;  
Go tell thy love to yonder rose,  
And in a blue-bell take repose.  
But if the sky begins to lower,  
Then haste thee to the woodbine bower :  
So frail thy form, so short thy breath,  
A summer shower would be thy death.  
On the clear ev'ning dew-drop sup,  
And drink the rich nectarian cup ;  
For, ere to-morrow's sun is come,  
Thou'rt stretch'd upon thy leafy tomb :  
Each morrow's sun shall gaily shine,  
On wings as fair, as frail as thine.



## THE BIRTH-DAY.

*Mamma.*

EMMA, come and let me know,  
What my dearest girl has done,  
With the purse and money too,  
Which her good behaviour won.

Eight years have fled, and now, I trust,  
My Emma has begun another,  
To add new credit to the rest,  
And cheer the bosom of her mother.

Come, where's the money, Emma, say?  
I see the purse all void within;  
And gone so early in the day:  
Say, what has Emma spent it in?



*Emma.*

Ah, dear mamma, forgive me, pray,

The purse I never will resign ;

But, after what I saw to-day,

I *felt* the money was not mine.

Poor Janet and her orphan boy,

Sat lone and shivering in the wood :

Could I my mother's gift enjoy,

While they were wanting common food?

Could I in *trifles* spend that sum ?

The thought from Emma's heart be far :

I could not—so I gave it them,

And *felt* I acted *like mamma*.

And when I heard their grateful pray'r,

And when I saw their breakfast spread,

I would not change a world, to share

The tears of happiness I shed.



L6

*Mamma.*

In my arms, my dearest child ;  
 With joy I'll fill thy purse again :  
 Thy words have *ev'ry* doubt beguiled,  
 And proved my precepts not in vain.

For, true it is, the wealth we share  
 Is by a bounteous God bestow'd,  
 That we may make the poor our care,  
 And feel the *bliss of doing good*.



## LITTLE JANE.

LITTLE Jane, the morning's fine,  
 And the sun does brightly shine,  
 Yet you still your pillow press !  
 Oh, for shame ! 'tis idleness.



See the little busy bee  
Culling sweets from ev'ry flow'r  
That grows around:—the ant, too, see,  
Toiling for her winter store.

None are idle, quickly rise,  
Chase the slumber from your eyes :  
To God your grateful thanks return,  
Who raised you to another morn.

And then your lesson learn with care,  
And when 'tis done you shall away ;  
Your playmates' sports and pastime share,  
And *feel* you have not lost a day.



## VANITY.

WHAT! Lucy at the glass again!

You well may blush, my dear,  
To be so foolish and so vain  
As now you must appear.

And what is this, that with delight

You ever thus behold?

A face adorn'd with red and white,  
And hair of waving gold.

But know you, Lucy, time or chance

Will turn that hair to grey,  
And dim the lustre of that glance,  
And fade that rose away!

~~~~~

The flow'r that blossoms on that bush
Does not more quickly wither;
While *goodness* can defy the touch
Of time and chance together.

Then leave the glass, your lesson learn,
And thence improve your mind :
Each hour to some good purpose turn,
And happiness you'll find.

—

THE GLEANER.

How sweet to see the laden ears
Of corn, in sheaves that lie,
Repaying all the farmer's cares,
And anxious industry.



See, see, with what delight and joy
The busy reaper toils ;
While industry his hours employ,
And mirth his heart beguiles.

Henry.

And who is that, my dear papa,
Who follows close behind ?
Still gathering, with anxious care,
Each ear that she can find.

Papa.

She is a gleaner, love ; what care
She takes to gather all ;
Then home, poor child, she will repair,
Urged by affection's call.

~~~~~

Her anxious mother looks this way,  
As home her course she bends ;  
Nor will she loiter on her way,  
But to her wish attends.

*Henry.*

Good little gleaner ! This half-crown  
You gave me, dear papa,  
To spend when next I went to town,  
I'll go and give to her.

*Papa.*

So do, my love ; for tho' a toy  
Might please you while 'twas new,  
Benevolence affords a joy  
More lasting and more true.



## THE FARM.

*Rose.*

SAY whose, dear mamma, the white farm which  
we see,  
Surrounded with garden and mead,  
With many a flower, and fair spreading tree,  
While the flocks around carelessly feed.

*Mamma.*

That farm, love, is Edwin's ; but list to his  
life!—  
His father was honest, but poor ;  
And with Agnes, his faithful and notable wife,  
Together they lived by the moor.



Poor Ralph was a woodman, and work'd very  
hard,

For his wife and his dear little boy ;  
Who with him his toils and fatigues often shared,  
Their ev'nings in peace to enjoy.

But ah! the poor father fell sick and he died,  
And to the lone church-yard was borne ;  
And over his grave his poor orphan boy cried,  
For his mother was sick and forlorn!

At length he reflected, that tears would not win  
His parent a bed or a meal,  
And that, therefore, to lie there lamenting was  
sin,  
And he more consolation must must feel,





In working, 'gainst want and distress to provide;  
So straight for some rushes he went,  
And wrought them in mats and in baskets beside,  
Till the week in employment was spent.

And next to the village he hasten'd away,  
And his mats and his baskets he sold;  
And then, with a heart both contented and gay,  
His newly-gain'd riches he told.

Said he, " My poor mother now happy will be,  
When she sees what I carry her home;  
Already her smiles and contentment I see :  
Oh, who would in idleness roam ?

" And who, little boy," said the 'Squire as he  
pass'd,

" Is your mother ? and where does she dwell ?"



“ My mother, your honour, was poor and distress’d,  
Till I happen’d my baskets to sell.

“ And I am an orphan ; for father is dead,  
And no longer his kindness we share ;  
My mother is sick, and I work for our bread,  
And clothes to keep out the cold air.”

Now the ’Squire with great pleasure and real  
delight,  
Heard Edwin relate his sad tale ;  
Determined his filial love to requite,  
And that want should no longer assail.

Such a good little boy ! so he took him home  
straight,  
And gave to him work, clothes, and food :  
Such blessings on virtuous actions will wait,  
Such happiness follows the good !



And now grown a man, by his saving and care,  
And the help of his generous friend,  
He rents that white farm, with those gardens so  
fair,  
Where beauty and usefulness blend.

There his mother, with blessings his happiness  
shares,  
And still, with affection's warm glow,  
Receives a reward, for the love and the cares  
His infancy taught her to know.

THE END.



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